

While in Oregon, the band stayed at the Multnomah Hotel in Portland and bused on Saturday to Corvallis, the home city for Oregon State University. BYU lost the football game and suffered some verbal abuse by its student-body. I personally thought the band did well, and upon arriving back in Portland we had our annual award banquet at the hotel.

Portland was famous for its seafood, particularly its oysters. Being a fan of oyster stew, I asked one of the bellhops where, in the hotel, I could get some good oysters, and he said to go elsewhere, particularly a place called The Oyster Bar, about two blocks away. The oyster stew was delicious and I must have made at least six trips. I often wondered what the university administration must have thought when I turned in several expense receipts listing The Oyster Bar.

In the 1960s, the Cougar Band made several out-of-state trips, perhaps the most notable when we traveled by train, for two days and two nights each way, on the then-luxurious California Zephyr. The game was with Western Michigan University, but we stayed at the historic Palmer House in Chicago and bussed on game day to Kalamazoo.

The game itself was incidental, but our stay at the hotel had its memorable moments. When we arrived back in Chicago after the game, Grant Elkington and I, along with our spouses, decided we wanted to go to the famous Stockyard Inn for a steak dinner. When I asked the bell captain for instructions on which city bus to take, he said to take a taxi. I asked why and he explained that it was necessary to change busses two times each way and that it wasn't safe to be in that area, standing on a street corner, that time of night, while waiting for the next bus.

We took him at his word, enjoyed our steak, and nothing happened. But arriving back at the hotel, some of the students told us of incidents they had experienced. Before going to the Stockyard Inn, we had cautioned the band members to stay close to the hotel and always travel in a large group. Then we told the girls not to travel alone without male companions. As we walked into the lobby several band members ran up to us and excitedly told us how they had witnessed a holdup at knife point. Then two of the girls told us that Chicago wasn't so dangerous at night, for they had gone, unescorted, to nearby Cicero and nothing happened.

I know that I was extremely relieved to have the entire band accounted for when we boarded the California Zephyr and headed back to Provo the following day.

Since 1946, Dr. John R. Halliday had been chairman and founder of the BYU Summer Music Clinic, which had seen nationally rated conductors and instrumentalists as part of its two-week faculty. In 1963, Dr. Halliday chose to retire from this chairmanship, and Dr. A. Harold Goodman, chair of the Music Department, invited me to assume this esteemed position. I was delighted with the opportunity and immediately began to assemble a formidable faculty comprised of full-time faculty from the music department,

recognized public school music educators, and principal players from the Utah Symphony. Then, as had been done in the past, I searched out nationally recognized conductors to conduct the two bands, symphony orchestra, chamber orchestra, concert chorus, and jazz band.

For the next seven summers, until our moving to Hawaii, student members of the summer music clinic had the opportunity to work with such notables as Walter Beeler from Ithaca College; Ray Luke from Oklahoma State University; Max Dalby from Utah State University; Ralph G. Laycock, BYU Symphonic Band director; Carl Fuerstner, concert pianist at the Eastman School of Music and BYU; Richard P. Condie, director of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Vaclav Nelybel, conductor and composer of international renown; Don Peterson, principal horn in the Utah Symphony; James Nielsen, a symphonic band conductor of national renown; Clarence Sawhill from UCLA; Jay Slaughter from Rick's College; Ralph Woodward, director of the BYU a cappella Choir; and Ralph Gochnour of the Utah Symphony.

We had an interesting experience the year we had Vaclav Nelybel as guest conductor for the Summer Music Clinic Symphony. Nelybel was scheduled to come for the second week, and Ralph Laycock would rehearse his music during the first week. Earlier we had heard that, while in Texas, Nelybel was at a music camp similar to ours and had a difficult time working with student musicians—to the extent that the music educators, feeling he was too hard on the students and too difficult to work with, would not be inviting him back.

Sensing we might have a problem, Ralph Laycock set out to do all he could to prevent a similar incident from happening at BYU. During the first week he carefully prepared the orchestra musically, and for any other occurrence that might happen. He instructed the orchestra to treat Mr. Nelybel with kindness, work hard, and always have a friendly smile. The result was that the students went out of their way to be cooperative, even to the extent of being courteous and friendly with Vaclav while he was off the podium. A wonderful ensemble feeling of love grew between Nelybel and the orchestra, which translated into a magnificent concert on that final Saturday night. I don't know if I ever thanked Ralph Laycock for his genius in averting what might have been a difficult second week; he certainly deserved all the plaudits possible for a job well done.

By the mid 1960s the fortunes of BYU athletics were vastly improving. The university had for many years excelled in basketball under the coaching of Stan Watts, but BYU football was on a definite upswing. Tommy Hudspeth was the coach, and for his first year he brought in several ex-Marines who had played for a championship service team. Included were Phil Odle, number 88, and my good friend Casey Boyette. Virgil Carter was the quarterback, and all of a sudden the thrill of football victory began to fill the autumn air. We even beat the University of Utah and the Cougar Band began to take some exciting trips.

On October 3, 1964, we were ready to dedicate and have the first football game in the new Cougar Stadium, now the Lavell Edwards Stadium. For the inaugural game with the University of New Mexico, I had decided to feature our annual Utah County Band Day with some twenty-five high school bands along with the Cougar Marching Band. Professor Ralph G. Laycock had agreed to write a new composition, "The Western Athletic March," that featured small segments of every school song in the conference. Then I had the mass bands spell out in a block style the words, "Thanks Y Builders."

While we lost the game, the festivities were a huge success, and all of us were excited as we contemplated what the future had in store with such a magnificent new structure. For a postgame show, Mary B. Jensen and her renowned Folk Dancers performed, which meant we would have to forgo the playing of the normal "College Song." My good friend and former head cheer leader Dick Moody was disturbed, and came up to me with the question, "Why didn't you play the 'College Song'?" I told him I was sorry, but we couldn't work it in with all else that was going on. Then he said, "But it's a tradition!" I told him, "I know, but I was the one who renewed that tradition, so I imagine I can change it, at least for this one game." I doubt if Dick ever forgave me.

Interestingly, at the time of the Cougar Stadium inaugural, Jane was pregnant with our first child after having adopted three, and was due any time. I seriously wondered if I would even make it to the inaugural game before being summoned to take her to the hospital. Fortunately she waited and I was able to stay for the game and complete the halftime festivities, arriving home sometime after midnight. I had no sooner, exhaustedly, gotten into bed and fallen asleep, when Jane woke me and said, "I believe it's time to go to the hospital." I staggered up, got dressed, took her to the hospital, and some twelve hours later, on October 4, 1964, our wonderful son Rich was born.

Shortly after my return from UCLA, a wonderful opportunity came to me. It seemed that Dr. Harold I. Hansen, Chairman of the Drama Department, was impressed by my showmanship in directing both the Cougar Marching Band and the Y's Men, and thought I had the dramatic flair that would make a good music director to help with the Drama Department's musical productions. As chairman of the Drama Department, Dr. Hansen was planning to direct a series of performances of the Broadway musical *Kiss Me Kate* and asked if I would be interested in serving as music director, in preparing and directing the orchestra. I had experience in directing various types of bands, but never any experience in directing an orchestra with strings. But being a person who likes to accept a new challenge, I saw this as an opportunity and accepted the assignment, but not without a certain amount of reservation.

Up to that time BYU had limited success with Broadway musicals, even though they had been very successful with opera productions. Part of this problem may have been that some of the music faculty, being somewhat esoteric, may have felt that directing a Broadway musical was beneath their dignity. Because I was new to the game, I took the assignment very seriously and attended every rehearsal, taking critical notes on how I

could best conduct any musical situation that might take place. I felt I knew every tempo and cue the actors desired, and, perhaps even more important, took this information to the beginning orchestra rehearsals. I also felt that I was able to tell the leading characters if any liberties they were taking with the music would be suitable for the orchestra to adequately follow. This way, when it became time for dress rehearsals there was a complete union between cast and orchestra, which led to a successful production.

This in turn brought me to the attention of the Utah Valley Opera Company, and I was invited to become part of their pool of conductors with the assignment of conducting the orchestra for their upcoming production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel*.

Kathy Taylor was to direct the musical, and her husband Robert was to play the leading role of Billy Bigelow. The Taylors were a strikingly handsome and talented couple, with Bob in charge of BYU Travel Studies. Also in the cast was Ramona Bernhard, wife of John Bernhard, the Executive Vice President to President Earnest L. Wilkinson. Ramona would be playing the role of Mrs. Wiggins, the carousel operator, but we were having a difficult time in finding just the right person to play the role of Jigger, the villainous character. I had seen John and Ramona do a wonderful skit based on the musical *The Music Man* at a social function, and I thought John would make an ideal Jigger. John, who later went on to become a president in the University of Illinois system, was a very busy person with his administrative assignments, and when I approached him about the part, he said while he would like to do it, he just didn't have the time. Yet I knew that Ramona wanted John to have a diversion from all his administrative routine, and she encouraged me to persist.

One afternoon, when I knew that John would be at home, I rang his doorbell and when he answered, I immediately walked into his living room, sat on the sofa, and announced that inasmuch as he was perfect for the part, I wasn't leaving until he accepted. John laughed and said, "Any person that persistent deserves an acceptable answer." He accepted! While we were preparing *Carousel*, Kathy Taylor decided that she wanted to expand the "Carousel Waltz" opening by extending its length. So she hired K. Newell Dayley to make the special arrangement similar to the one in the movie version. While I knew Newell would be playing lead trumpet in the orchestra, I had no idea of his arrangement and composition abilities; I became pleasantly surprised. Newell did a superb job, going on to write hymns in the LDS hymnal as well as musicals, orchestra works, and oratorios. He continued his professional career by becoming chair of the BYU Music Department and later dean of the College of Fine Arts.

Carousel began a wonderful relationship with the Utah Valley Opera Association that continued for many years. Ramona not only acted but directed as well, doing most notably the musicals *Kismet* and *Song of Norway*. John continued in some lead roles. Kathy Taylor went on to direct *Pajama Game*, with Robert Taylor and Leah Gifford playing most of our romantic leads. I continued with the music direction along with Colleen Collin Smith and Dee Winterton doing choreography. A good friend, Jerry

Ellison, directed *Annie Get Your Gun* and acted in several productions. The administrative brains and financial support came from Josephine and Victor Bird, who will always be remembered for their dedication and support for the betterment of the arts.

About this time the College of Fine Arts was in the process of building the magnificent Harris Fine Arts Center, and all of us in the college were making plans for the inaugural year. Among these plans was the Drama Department producing the musical *My Fair Lady*, as their premiere production in the new DeJong Concert Hall. At the same time the Utah Valley Opera Association had signed for and received the rights to do the same production, and I had been asked to serve as orchestra/music director. Dr. Harold I. Hansen had his heart set on *My Fair Lady* and was disturbed that the Utah Valley Opera Association had these rights and would be doing the show a year before the Harris Fine Arts Center would be completed. When Dr. Hansen asked Virginia Bird, President of the Opera Association, if she would relinquish the rights, she was adamant; I felt caught in the middle.

Nevertheless, I had given my word and felt honor bound to follow my original contract with the Opera Association. *My Fair Lady* was a wonderful production, but during the rehearsal stages I seriously wondered if we would ever open. When we finally did, I was the only person on the original production staff that was still with the show. Our problems went in threes. We had three changes of directors, three of choreographers, and three changes in the lead role of Henry Higgins—this, along with a difficult time with the rehearsal pianist and the set construction crew.

We finally secured our third director, Dr. Alonzo Morley, head of BYU Speech Therapy. Alonzo was a very gifted person, and while he hadn't directed a show in years, was very excited with the opportunity. But time was running short and we were due to open in four weeks.

Then the bottom really seemed to fall out. One afternoon I returned to my office in the old Social Hall and noticed, on my desk, a script and a note from the second cast Henry Higgins stating he was forced to drop out of the play. I was upset and relieved at the same time, feeling that at last we could now stop trying and simply cancel the production. I had no sooner had these mixed feelings when the phone rang and a voice with a beautiful British accent came over the phone, stating, "Damn, damn, damn, I've grown accustomed to her face." Immediately I said, "Who is this?" and the voice answered, "This is your old buddy Jack Whitaker; I hear you're looking for a Henry Higgins?" "Where are you?" I asked. Then he told me he was at the home of Dr. Clint Larson from the English Department. I said, "Wait right there; I'm coming over with a script." We had our Henry Higgins, along with a fine director, but only three weeks before opening.

Jack Whitaker, the brother of Judge and Scott Whitaker of the BYU Motion Picture Studio, was a fine actor, but the character of Henry Higgins is one of the most difficult

parts in the musical theatre repertoire, and the big question was, "Did he have enough time to learn and memorize the role?"

At least the rehearsals now became fun. We knew we had a fine cast, but time was the major factor. We wished we had one more week to prepare for a show that was already sold out. The final dress rehearsals went rather poorly and I remember the sinking feeling I had, as I sat down to dinner just before going to the theatre for the opening, and saying to myself that in some way I must learn to live through, and endure, the run of this production.

But like the circus halftime show a few years back, I failed to recognize that following the final dress rehearsal, the cast, orchestra, and technical crew had finally mastered their responsibilities, and the next time would be something just short of perfection. It seemed as though a miracle had taken place and we had a glorious run that extended into extra performances in order to satisfy public demand.

About the time we were doing *My Fair Lady* (1964), I received a call to serve on the High Council of the newly organized BYU Fifth Stake. Dr. A. Harold Goodman, chair of the Music Education Department and later chair of the BYU Music Department, was chosen as Stake President. I previously had callings such as councilor in the Elders Quorum, various callings in music, and assistant ward clerk, but nothing of this magnitude. Upon acceptance, Dr. Goodman ordained me to the office of a High Priest, and at the same time called me to serve also as the BYU Fifth Stake MIA Superintendent.

Serving with me as Stake Young Women's President was Ruth Ann Hudspeth, wife of the BYU football coach Tommy Hudspeth, who later went on to become coach of the Detroit Lions in the National Football League. On the board, with others, was the wife of quarterback Virgil Carter, of BYU and the Chicago Bears; and Sue Ann Larson, daughter of Dr. Clint Larson. We had an exciting, qualified board, and one of the projects we were able to initiate, was for the various Ward memberships to attend command performances of all the upcoming plays, musicals, and concerts that the College of Fine Arts would be presenting.

As a stake board we presented, in the Wilkinson Center, two gala Gold and Green Balls featuring the Y's Men Band. At one of these balls we were able, with the help of Sue Ann Larson, to obtain all the Christmas lights from Temple Square in Salt Lake City and decorated virtually the entire Wilkinson Center. At another we used a French cabaret theme complete with appropriate costumes and luxurious French desserts.

Then we were instrumental in organizing a five-stake roadshow competition with the finals being held in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. Again I used the Y's Men Band to fill the gap while the stage was being set for each following roadshow presentation. We had a near-capacity audience in the main seating section. The enthusiasm was high, and all five stakes presented clever, original skits that were enjoyed by all.

Another time, we were in charge of a combined stake fireside that was again held in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. For this fireside we were fortunate to obtain Dr. Hugh Nibley as our featured speaker. As president of the stake Young Men I was chosen to conduct the meeting, a responsibility I had never before experienced. Again we had a near-capacity audience and I remember nervously going to the podium and welcoming those in attendance. Then I promptly began the introduction of Dr. Nibley, only to have Stake President Harold Goodman tug on my coat and whisper, "You forgot to have an opening prayer." I somewhat embarrassingly called for an opening prayer, then proceeded to introduce our featured speaker. Following my introduction Dr. Nibley arose from his chair and immediately began to speak, before even reaching the microphone. I was really impressed, for Dr. Nibley apparently had so much information to give that he didn't want to waste a single moment by waiting till he got to the podium.

I had another similar embarrassing moment. For a number of years, Paul Felt, BYU Student Coordinator, had invited me to secure the feature attractions for Homecoming. During those years I was fortunate to obtain George Shearing as well as Dave Brubeck to appear in concert. On another occasion I had secured the services of the Les Brown Band of Renown. I had heard Les Brown several times at the famous Hollywood Palladium, and he was well known for his historic wartime tours with Bob Hope. He also was the leader of one of my all-time favorite big-name bands.

Part of my responsibility was to meet their flight at the Provo Airport, and then accompany the band to a special dinner provided by BYU Food Services. I remember the band arriving in what appeared to be a rather worn out C-46 transport plane, a plane that crashed on the following week, killing the entire football team from California Polytechnic University in San Luis Obispo.

As usual, the concert was in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse, before an audience of 11,000 students. I had the responsibility of introducing the band and again was extremely nervous. At the precise moment of introduction, I enthusiastically made the pronouncement: "Ladies and Gentlemen it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Les Band and the Brown of Renown." You can imagine the huge laughter that took place and the sheet of red that must have appeared on my face. Somehow I got off the stage, and as I passed Les I heard him whisper to me, "I've been called lots of things before..."

I'm not certain if I enjoyed the concert, but do know that till this day I cannot effectively say "Les Brown and the Band of Renown" without seriously stopping to reflect if I'm going to say it correctly.

The 1960s were truly exciting as well as challenging years for me and the Music Department. Before we moved into the new Harris Fine Arts Center, the Music Department was scattered about campus in the old Social Hall, lower campus, and in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building. As a department we took on a huge project of going on tour and presenting William Walton's dramatic oratorio *Belshazar's Feast*, along with

J.S. Bach's *Magnificat*. The works, to be conducted by Dr. Crawford Gates, were huge and challenging, inasmuch as they were not only musically difficult, but would involve all the choruses, the symphony orchestra, and several members of the band—virtually the entire music department from the university. Then we were invited to present the concert, as a crowning event, for the convention of the National Music Educators Conference in Bakersfield, California. We must have created a real spectacle as we traveled to California in ten large busses.

In addition, we were invited to present a concert at the Culver City Auditorium. The auditorium was a large major facility, but unfortunately the persons in charge of publicity failed to realize the magnitude of the production and did little, if any, advertising. The result was that it appeared as if we had more people on stage than in the audience, and that we were performing in a hollow chamber.

President Wilkinson was upset over this lack of support by the Church membership in southern California. I knew this because one day I received, addressed to me, a memo somewhat curtly listing in detail reasons why the Culver City concert had failed from an audience perspective. As I read, I asked myself, "Why is he sending this to me?" Then I looked at the letter cover and noticed that it was addressed to Crawford Gates, but mistakenly sent to me. I folded the memo, stuffed it back into the envelope as best I could, and made a quick trip to the president's office, telling the secretaries of the mistake they had made. They were embarrassed, thankful, and most appreciative, requesting that I never let President Wilkinson know.

Upon our return to Provo, we presented a gala concert in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse, since it was the only place on campus that could effectively handle the vast number of performers and support the large audience that we knew would attend. Then it was decided that we should make a recording of both the *Belshazar's Feast* and the *Magnificat*. The Joseph Smith Memorial Auditorium, even with its marvelous acoustics, wasn't large enough to handle all the participants, so we decided to use the ballroom of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building. Crawford Gates conducted both works from memory, and some of us wondered if he actually had memorized the notes of the score, or simply memorized the choral and orchestral entrances, while conducting the appropriate patterns and tempos.

One day during the recording session, Crawford heard the cellos play an Ab, which he thought should have been an A natural. When he quizzed the cellos regarding this, they said they indeed had an Ab printed on their parts. Crawford's immediate response was that it must be a printed mistake. He consulted the full score, which he had on a music stand behind him, and sure enough, the score indicated an A natural. Needless to say, we were all impressed and immediately became true believers in his ability to actually memorize an entire music score.

I had the distinct privilege of playing principal French horn and my good friends Larry Bastian, K. Newell Dayley, and Grant Elkington played the always challenging piccolo trumpets on the Bach *Magnificat*, and despite President Wilkinson's concerns regarding the Culver City performance, the tour was an artistic success and did much to promote a national image of the aesthetic quality of music performed at BYU.

From my freshman days, I was continually impressed by the quality of faculty and administration at BYU. I will never forget Wesley P. Lloyd, Gerrit DeJong, Ralph Britsch, John R. Halliday, J. Wylie Sessions, Leroy Robertson, Herald R. Clark, W. Cleon Skousen, Lawrence Sardoni, J. Rueben Clark III, Ariel Ballif, Hugh Nibley, Sidney B. Sperry, Pres. Howard S. McDonald, Pres. Earnest L. Wilkinson, Kiefer B. Sauls, Kristen Jensen, Harold I. Hansen, "Tommy" Martin, Eddie Kimball, Stan Watts, Buck Dixon, Crawford Gates, and so many others, all academic giants who devoted their lives to the Y. They are men who had a major influence on my life, and must be credited with the dedication and academic as well as influential guidance that led to the gradual growth in students, facilities, and prominence that the university enjoys today. I will always stand in awe of them; and to think, in a small way, I was honored and privileged to be a part of them as a fellow faculty member.

MY HEART IS TRUE

Chapter XI

A New Era, Part 2

11-1

During part of the 1960s, Dr. A. Harold Goodman served as music director/conductor of the Utah Valley Symphony. I had no sooner returned from UCLA than he invited me to play principal French horn with the orchestra. In the horn section with me was Karl Furr, a master mechanist who became famous for making scale model Gatling machine guns and vintage cannons. His cannons were used in major orchestra performances throughout the country on the grand finale to Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*. Additionally, Karl was widely known for restoring vintage automobiles that included a 1930's Rolls Royce and a 1930's Mercedes Benz that Adolph Hitler had presented to Prince Bernard of the Netherlands. Years later when I asked Karl what happened to the Mercedes Benz, he said, "You will never believe this. I sold it for a million dollars!"

Karl and I had a dramatic adventure. At least it seemed so to me. Karl was president of a local muzzle loaders club and often we would take his historic shotgun to hunt crows. He had an old Dodge pickup with terry cloth seat covers. One Thanksgiving morning we were driving on a country back road near Utah Lake between Provo and Springville. The fully charged muzzle loader shotgun was on the seat between us, with the barrel pointing toward the floor. Suddenly Karl spotted a crow flying above us, stopped the pickup, opened the door, and carefully began to draw out the shotgun. While doing this a voice came to me saying, "lift your feet." No sooner had I lifted my feet when one of the flint lock triggers caught on a piece of the terry cloth and a terrific explosion occurred, blowing out the floor boards of the pickup. I knew I was all right, but when the smoke cleared from the cab, Karl was staring in the window, with his face as white as a sheet, and I jokingly said, "Karl, that's a heck of a way to become first horn." He said, "It ain't funny."

It wasn't until that afternoon that the full impact of the incident hit me and I realized I had much to be thankful for that Thanksgiving Day. Karl was so shaken up that he resigned as president of the muzzle loaders and even to this day shudders whenever I mention the incident.

Another member of the Utah Valley Symphony Orchestra French horn section was Yo Be Lee, a fine player who had come to study at BYU after being principal horn player with the Seoul Philharmonic. I had an interesting experience with Yo Be Lee at the Inaugural concert for the BYU Symphony Orchestra in the new DeJong Concert Hall of the Harris Fine Arts Center.

Dr. Crawford Gates was serving as director of the orchestra and had chosen as the premier work the immortal Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* to be performed by the orchestra and the combined BYU choruses. I was playing principal horn and Yo Be Lee was on fourth horn with the assignment of playing the difficult fourth horn solo. The day of the

concert, Yo Be Lee was home recovering from the flu, but would be making the evening performance. At the rehearsal that day, Crawford Gates made a change in tempo and his conducting pattern for the section immediately preceding the horn solo, saying he would take it in two rather than in four. I played the solo at the rehearsal, but all of us neglected to tell Yo Be of this change. On the performance, that evening, when it came time for the solo, Yo Be Lee was behind in his measure rest counting, so much that when Crawford gave him the cue to play, nothing happened and the entire performance came to a complete standstill. Crawford gave a second cue and again nothing happened. It seemed like an eternity. On the third cue I jumped in and played the solo. Afterwards Robert Cundick, the Salt Lake Tabernacle organist, came to me stating that was the greatest save he had ever seen. Nevertheless, the following night, when we played the work, Yo Be Lee had been properly instructed, and he played the solo magnificently.

Rounding out the horn section for the Utah Valley Symphony was Dr. Rendoll Gibbons, chair of the BYU Music Education Department. Rendoll was our neighbor across the street and a good friend. I remember him most as the bishop of one of the wards in the BYU Fifth Stake. I was on the High Council at that time, and was curious as to how he would rally his ward by what he called a fight song he had written for them.

Hal Goodman did an excellent job as music director of the Utah Valley Symphony Orchestra, with an amazing way of getting musicians from the community to rally around him. The instrumentation for the orchestra vastly improved under his direction. We played a challenging repertoire that included Richard Strauss's difficult *Death and Transfiguration*. Following one of our rehearsals for this work, I went to Hal saying I thought he was crazy in scheduling the Strauss composition. He smiled as if to say, "Don't worry, we'll make it." And we did. Following the performance in the Provo Tabernacle, the audience was so elated that I thought they would carry Hal off on their shoulders.

I played with the orchestra for eight years and always thought it a privilege to play for Dr. Goodman. He was a very spiritual person and went on to serve as a bishop, stake president, councilor in the Provo Temple, President of the London England Mission, and President of the Temple in Atlanta Georgia. We were and continue to be great friends. I know that he was truly loved by the Lord, for it seemed that in the most difficult of times with the orchestra, he always came out on top.

One of my special concerts with the Utah Valley Symphony was when Hal invited John R. Halliday to act as guest conductor. It was good to again have the opportunity of working with John, since he was so special in my life and activities at BYU. For his concert he chose the *Romantic Symphony* of Howard Hanson, perhaps because of his association with Hanson while he was a graduate student at the Eastman School of Music earning his Ph.D.

The *Romantic Symphony* is a wonderful work with lots of dramatic horn solos that I had the opportunity to perform. The concert, I felt, went very well, and was an excellent representation of the orchestra's steady progress under the leadership of Hal Goodman.

Earlier in the 1960s, Lloyd Tew, a former music major, dropped by to visit me. When I asked what he was currently doing, he told me that he was on the island of Oahu in Hawaii, teaching at the relatively new Church College of Hawaii. Then he proceeded to tell me about the beauty of the islands and what it was like to live there and serve on the college faculty. My response, partly in jest, was that it sounded exotically fantastic and if there was ever a need for a band director to keep me in mind.

In the fall of 1966, my colleague and good friend Ralph Laycock, was invited to be conductor of the BYU Symphony Orchestra and I was invited by A. Harold Goodman, Music Department Chair, to replace Ralph as director of the Symphonic Band, and attain the title of Director of Bands. At the time I was extremely busy directing the Cougar Marching Band at football and basketball games, serving as music director for musicals presented by the BYU Drama Department as well as the Utah Valley Opera Company, teaching a full load of academic classes, serving as chair of the BYU Summer Music Clinic, and occasionally performing and recording with the Utah Symphony. I didn't really need to add to my academic load, but at the same time wanted to enhance my expertise in conducting advanced music from a rapidly expanding symphonic band repertoire. I did a serious concert each term with the Varsity Band and conducted occasional honor bands and summer music festivals. I had, up until that time, limited experience in conducting music from such an advanced repertoire. I remember my good friend Bob Evans coming to me saying, "Dick, why do you want to take on such an extra load? You've got it made with your work with the Cougar Band. You don't need this!" But this is what I wanted to do and I accepted the challenge. I wanted the experience of conducting such pieces as Percy Grainger's *Lincolnshire Posy*, Norman Della Joie's *Variations of a Medieval Theme*, John Barne Chance's *Variations of a Korean Folk Theme*, and various compositions by the likes of such composers as Alfred Reed, Clifton Williams, and Vaclav Nelybel.

My years conducting the Symphonic Band were challenging, gratifying and rewarding. I had many outstanding students who impressed me with their musicianship. Among them were two sisters, Jo and Tonia Marcune, who played flute/piccolo and bassoon respectively, from North Las Vegas, Nevada. Both appeared as soloists with the band on two northern and southern California concert tours. Other outstanding students were trombonists Guy Wymore from Spanish Fork, Utah, and Craig Larsen from Preston, Idaho. Craig became a successful lawyer in Salt Lake City, and while unbeknownst to me at the time, was an exceptional jazz pianist. He later had several outstanding compact disc recordings to his credit. Randy Towery, from Caldwell, Idaho, played trumpet/coronet. Randy was not only a fine solo cornetist, but president of the Symphonic Band, and a great asset to the Cougar Marching Band. Later he was recognized as the premiere trumpeter in the Boise, Idaho, area. Bruce Bastian, clarinet/Eb soprano clarinet, from

Twin Falls, Idaho, later became an associate director with the Cougar Band. It was while serving in that capacity that he did experimental work in charting football halftime shows via the computer—a project that led to the eventual founding and development of Word Perfect, an endeavor that made Bruce a millionaire many times over. Pam Fillmore, flutist, from Ontario, Oregon, later came to Hawaii with her husband and was a great help with my work in developing the band there as well as the Windward Symphony Orchestra. I had a French horn section that included Stewart Smith from El Cajon, California; Brent Christensen from Salt Lake City; David Bartholomew from Orem, Utah; and particularly Marta Palmquist from Walton, New York. Marta went on to become a successful professional French horn player with orchestras in Vienna, Austria. One year I had such an impressive horn section that, if I desired, I could assign their parts by drawing their names from a hat, and not have the section suffer in the least. Lynn Dean played baritone horn, was a concert pianist, and served as president of the Cougar Band. For his Master's project, Lynn composed *Symphony for Band*, a fine work that was premiered by the Symphonic Band in 1969. Following his graduation, Lynn went on to a distinguished career at New Mexico State University. Other students that served with distinction were Cheryl Oliver, principal clarinet; Jean Hall, principal oboe; Jerry Hadlock, co-principal cornet, who studied privately with me, and whom I still occasionally see.

Grant Elkington served as associate director, with even greater responsibilities in his work and direction of the Cougar Marching Band. Bob Campbell served as conductor/arranger with both the Symphonic and Cougar Bands. Bob came to BYU following several years as a percussionist with the Utah Symphony and later became a two-term president of the Utah Music Educators. Bob, along with K. Newell Dayley, took co-direction of the former Y's Men band, and developed a program that led to the successful creation of the internationally known Synthesis Jazz Band.

During my four-year term as Director of Bands, we took two outstanding tours. The first was in 1968 to Southern California, where I had the honor of having my former high school band director, Lester Oakes, serve as guest conductor at a special concert at the Riverside Polytechnic High School. On the tour we played at Disneyland, where Tommy Walker, director of special events, actually introduced me to Walt Disney. Interestingly, it was while Tommy was taking me on a private tour about Disneyland. As we were about to cross the bridge to the castle, Tommy spotted Walt Disney dressed as a gardener tending flowers, unknown to those in attendance at the park, and there introduced me to this famous showman and movie producer.

In addition to some outstanding concerts, we spent the better part of two days at the beach in Corona Del Mar and Carpenteria Beach near Santa Barbara. While at Corona Del Mar, I treated the band to a bar-be-que cookout. I had opted to do this rather than take them to Knott'sberry Farm. I remember my band president, Randy Towery, being somewhat disturbed with me, because of this. Later, as I was walking out on the jetty that separated Corona Del Mar from Balboa Bay, I spotted Randy floating luxuriously on

his back, far beyond the shore, and I shouted to him, "Do you still want to go to Knottsberry Farm?" He answered back, "No way!"

It was a beautiful sunny day while we were at Carpenteria. By this time the band members, who were unfamiliar with beach life, had fallen in love with it, and were thoroughly enjoying this new lifestyle of body surfing and sunning on the beach. Many of us got thoroughly sunburned, and at our concert that night in Santa Barbara, we must have cast a crimson shadow as we successfully performed on stage.

The second tour, in the early Spring of 1969, was to northern California. It was on this tour that we came close to turning back, due to heavy snows in the High Sierras over Donner Pass. It was snowing as we were about to leave Reno, and the attendant at a service station told us there were radio reports that the road over Donner Pass was likely to be closed. We were due to be in Sacramento that evening for a concert, and as I contemplated what to do, the thought came, "I want to see this for myself." So I instructed Hank, our driver, to drive the bus as far as we could before making a decision whether or not to cancel the concert and return to Provo.

About an hour or so later we came to a road block and a deputy sheriff, clothed in heavy winter gear, came to the bus door saying, "You might want to consider turning back, since it looks as though the pass will be closed any minute. But the decision is up to you." Then he walked away. I thought for a minute, then asked Hank, "Do you think we can make it?" He immediately replied, "Let's give it a try." Hank—I never knew his last name—worked for Lewis Brothers Stage Company out of Salt Lake City and had been our driver for several years. I trusted his judgment implicitly. So I trudged, through the heavy snow, to where the deputy was, and told him we would go ahead. With Hank's skillful driving, the trip over the pass was uneventful, and we arrived in Sacramento with ample time to do our scheduled performance.

The following day I awoke with a severe case of laryngitis, and, though I felt good, I could only talk in a whisper. We were due for a concert that evening in the Monterey-Pacific Grove area, where the year before my family and I had spent a three-month sabbatical.

While on leave, we had made many friends, including the bishop of our ward in Pacific Grove. Prior to our returning to Provo, Jane and I had been asked to speak in sacrament meeting as a sort of a farewell for us. During my talk I commented that I would endeavor to bring the Symphonic Band to the Monterey Peninsula on one of our future tours, and the ward or stake could use us in any way they desired. The opportunity had now arrived, and I could only speak in barely a whisper.

The concert was scheduled to be part of a gigantic stake missionary open house held in the well-known Assilimar Convention Center. My plan was to personally thank, from the concert podium, all those who had been so kind and gracious to us the year before, then

conclude my announcements by inviting our former bishop, a fine musician with outstanding skills as an organist, to guest conduct the band on John Phillips Sousa's immortal *Stars and Stripes Forever*. But how could I do this with a voice one couldn't hear three feet away?

When we arrived at the stake center in Monterey we were met by our former bishop, who was now the stake president. Noticing my speaking condition, he asked if I would like a priesthood blessing. Of course I replied in the affirmative. During the blessing I was promised that my speaking voice would completely return and I would be able to effectively speak that evening and greet my many friends. When I stood following the blessing, I found that my voice had completely returned, and I was not only able to successfully complete all my desires, but play a round of golf the following morning at the famous Monterey Peninsula Country Club, where my good friend John Geertsen, formerly from the Timpanogos Golf Course, served as head professional.

When I got back on the bus after the round of golf, my laryngitis had completely returned and I was unable to speak in a normal voice until the concert after our return to Provo.

In 1966, BYU won its first football title in the Western Athletic Conference. It was the year I had the Cougar Band take its annual out of state trip to Tempe for the game with Arizona State University. When we won, it looked as though the Cougars could win the title, if only we could get by University of New Mexico the following week in Albuquerque.

The band had no sooner returned from Tempe than we were requested to repack our instruments and prepare to travel to New Mexico. Naturally we were excited and elated.

The game, which the Cougars handily won, was regionally televised. It was during this time that the Cougar Band, while rehearsing in the stadium, caught the attention of the telecast crew, and they asked for permission to record us with an intention to use our music on future television broadcasts.

Following the game, the excitement was so high that we could hardly contain ourselves on the bus trip to our hotel. As we drove into the parking lot we noticed several policemen stationed in the driveway and in the entrance to the lobby, probably expecting a near riot from the excited band students. Sensing the situation, I got word to the band that as they entered the hotel I wanted them to display quiet noise. The band members caught the idea, lined up in a single file and marched into the lobby and down the hallways with lots of hand gestures, smiles, and moving of mouths. But not one word was spoken! It was truly a hilarious sight with the amazed look of the expectant policemen, as we walked silently into the lobby, down the halls, and to our rooms.

Another great event that took place in 1966 was when the BYU basketball team traveled to New York City to play in the National Invitational Tournament, held in the original

Madison Garden, and won. Two weeks prior to the tournament I was on tour in northern and southern California with Crawford Gates and the BYU Symphony Orchestra. While I was gone, my associate, Grant Elkington, and student assistant, Severin Johnson, decided that a small but elite unit from the Cougar Band should make the trip to New York. They almost immediately secured an invitation and began a serious campaign to raise funds. So successful were they that by the time I returned from tour, the necessary airline and hotel reservations were made, and we were soon to be on our way.

Our flight was on American Airlines, and we stayed at the historic Taft Hotel in New York City. Interestingly, the basketball tournament was on the week of spring vacation for several eastern colleges and universities. Many of these students were with us at the Taft. Needless to say they were a wild bunch filled with loads of frivolity. One morning, while having breakfast at a diner across the street from the hotel, I witnessed a television set fly out a hotel window and crash on the street below. Another time I heard and saw another television set crash in the courtyard outside my bedroom window. So riotous and destructive were these students that security officers were stationed at each of the elevators checking for proper room identification. The only exception was the Cougar Band. As members we were always dressed in classy navy blue blazers with charcoal grey slacks and matching ties. To their credit, members of the band were never stopped and were always granted free access to their hotel rooms.

The semifinal game was hard fought against a team from the Military Academy at West Point, superbly coached by Bobby Knight. The lead seemed to change hands as each team came down the floor, but BYU finally prevailed at the game-ending buzzer.

Following the game, several band members from the Academy came to us, and one with a real southern drawl said to me, "You've got the gol darnest band we ever heard; could we sit in with you at tomorrow's final game?" I agreed and sure enough they were with us the next evening at finals, a game that BYU won for a second NIT championship.

The day following the Stan Watts team victory, several of us were at the famous Jack Dempsey Restaurant when Jack Dempsey himself came up to me, introduced himself, and asked, "Didn't I see you, last night, directing that fine band from Brigham Young University?" When I said he did, he said, "I want to congratulate you." Then he proceeded to treat all of us to a dish of his delicious apple strudel.

These were truly fun-filled days in which we received little if any sleep. Before I left Provo, Jane told me to phone her cousin Lucille Turner, who would no doubt take me to dinner. Lucille was a glamorous executive secretary working for Howard Hughes and lived, at his expense, in an exclusive penthouse suite at the Shirley Savoy Hotel. She had been in New York for four years working for Hughes on the well-known "Spruce Goose" court case. When I told the band I was going to dinner with a glamorous New York lady they jokingly gave me a bad time with such comments as, "wait 'til we tell

your wife,” and “your wife just phoned and said to bring home some milk and eggs for the kids.”

As we left her hotel, Lucille gave me a handful of quarters to tip the doorman as he fetched a cab. I played the role of a New Yorker as I would nonchalantly flip quarters to each doorman. For dinner we went to a cafe in Greenwich Village featuring waiters who were opera singers waiting for an opportunity to enter either the Metropolitan or New York Opera Companies. They were extremely talented and would often take a break from their waiter responsibilities, treating us to arias and choruses from well-known operas.

On our return trip we ran into what could have been a major problem. It seemed that in order to fund our trip, Grant and Severin had unknowingly booked, at a reduced rate, a flight that required a minimum amount of days at a destination prior to returning, and we were under that minimum. Interestingly, the *New York Times* got hold of our dilemma and featured a story about a college band from the west, stranded in New York with no way to get home. Fortunately we had a representative from American Air Lines traveling with us and he changed our reservation to what they called a “crooked neck schedule,” meaning we would have to fly to Washington D.C. before returning to Salt Lake City. This turned out to be an unexpected plus to what was already an exciting New York adventure, for we got to see and enjoy many of the wonders of our nation’s capital.

In my journal I made the following entry: “During the 1960s BYU made remarkable progress in virtually every endeavor the institution engaged in. The BYU football team has finally become a consistent winner, scholarship has improved immensely, and the Fine Arts College has achieved greater success than ever... We won our first football championship in the sixties, the basketball team won the National Invitational Tournament, and I was present with the band. I will never forget the 1966 Cougar Band, it was a band I particularly enjoyed. I enjoyed the spirit and felt the performance quality was outstanding... From time to time I see former students from that era, and we always reminisce about the events that transpired. That was the year we won virtually every sporting activity in the Western Athletic Conference.”

I fail to remember if it was in 1968 or 1969 that the basketball team was invited to participate in the Cable Car Tournament in San Francisco, but a one-bus load cadre of Cougar Band members was selected to make the trip. As it was with the NIT trip in 1966, we determined the exact instrumentation, and then filled it, as much as possible, with band members with the most senior experience, adding junior members only as needed. At first I wasn’t going on the trip, and would send Grant Elkington as director, but unfortunately Grant came down with the flu and I went in his place.

The plan was that we would play exclusively for the BYU games and then leave the arena. As we were about to enter the arena for the first game, Paul James, the legendary sports announcer for KSL, came to me saying that he hadn’t been provided with an

entrance pass, but was scheduled to be on the air within minutes and wondered if he could come in with us as part of the band. Naturally, I said yes.

Apparently we were the only band in attendance and a few minutes before the end of our game, an official came to me and asked if we could serve as sort of a host band for the entire tournament, to which we heartily agreed. The result was that two days later, somewhat prior to halftime of the championship game, that same official came to me, thanked me for the service we had rendered, then asked if there was anything they could do to reward us. I said that perhaps a soft drink for all the members would suffice. His response was that they wanted to do something more. As I was contemplating what that might be, as if part of a plan, one of the band members came to me asking, "Brother Ballou, are you still planning on going with band members to New Joe's for steaks after the game?" The official's immediate response was, "That's it! I'll be back in a few minutes with reservations."

As the game was nearing the end, no official showed and I said to myself, "Well, he got out of that pretty easily." But no sooner had I thought that when he showed up, stating, "I couldn't make the reservations at New Joe's, but I have reservations at a fancy night club across the street from the office of the San Francisco Warriors of the NBA."

When we arrived, the club was closed, but several of the waiters had stayed on, setting several tables with their finest attire. The steaks were wonderful and the waiters were at their best, having a wonderful time serving a group of college kids. When asked what they wanted to drink, all the band members said milk! A more than unusual happening at such a night club. The waiters loved it and had a fun time serving milk in sterling silver pitchers that were no doubt normally used for something much stronger. The incident caught the attention of *Sport Illustrated*, which mentioned the story in their feature about the tournament.

During my years as a college band director, I was an active member of the College Band Directors National Association, CBDNA, and in 1968 was invited to be the Utah State Chairman. With this came the responsibility of hosting the Western Division Convention, to be held at BYU. The convention was a huge success, and I was elected to serve as president of the Western Division, which included California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Hawaii. At the convention we heard performances from the Utah State University Band, the University of Utah Band, College of Southern Utah, Sacramento State University, the outstanding Wind Ensemble from Long Beach State University, a Junior College Honor Band directed by the legendary William Revel from the University of Michigan, and the BYU Symphonic Band. At our concert we premiered *Fanfares and Solemnities*, an original work for band by Dr. Merrill Bradshaw, BYU's composer in residence.

In the winter of 1968, Jane and her mother made a week-long trip to Hawaii. While in Laie, Jane visited the campus of the Church College of Hawaii, and looked at the faculty

homes located on Moana Street, noting their livability and style of construction. While doing this she had a firm impression and began to make imaginary plans for a day when we would actually be living in Hawaii.

It was a snowy, cold, blistering winter day when I met her at the Salt Lake City International Airport. She came off the United Airlines Jet wearing the traditional Hawaiian mu mu, complete with a Hawaiian lei and barefoot sandals, so common in Hawaii. She had such a wonderful time, had fallen in love with Hawaii and her heart was still there—so much that I wasn't certain if she was even glad to see me. When we arrived in Provo, she immediately went shopping downtown, without even bothering to change from her barefoot sandals and Mu Mu. She was so disgusted to be back in the snow, with an accompanying feeling of longing for Hawaii, she didn't care how cold the snow made her feet.

I didn't forget Jane's fondness for Hawaii, but I did forget the conversation I had with Lloyd Tew, when I told him if he ever had an opening for a band director to keep me in mind. One day, early in 1970, Lloyd came to my office saying, "Remember that conversation we had a few years back?" I couldn't, but asked, "Well, what about it?" Lloyd, who was now the chair of the music department, told me of an opening for a director of instrumental music at the Church College of Hawaii, a position that included the band as well as anything else that involved the use of instrumental music. All of sudden I remembered our original conversation and with a mixed feeling said I needed at least a day to think about it.

My professional career was going so well and I had such a love for BYU a sudden, monumental change seemed virtually to be too much. When I phoned Jane, telling her of the offer, she became extremely excited and said, "I knew it! I knew we would we would be moving to Hawaii. Let's go." Then the thought came to me that perhaps I had gone as far as I could on the main campus in Provo, and perhaps such a change would broaden my horizons. I then told Lloyd that before I made any final decision, the Church College of Hawaii would have to secretly fly me to Laie, where I would have the opportunity to meet the administration, visit the campus, check on such things as rehearsal facilities, performance sites, instrument inventory, and personally interview as many of the instrumental music students as possible.

Lloyd said that such a request was appropriate and possible. So on the weekend of Spring break I left Provo at 5:00 A.M. on a Sunday morning, drove to the Salt Lake Airport where I boarded a United Airlines jet to Honolulu. I was met early that afternoon by Norman Nielsen, a fine friend from previous days with the BYU Program Bureau. Norm took me to dinner, followed by a brief tour of Honolulu. Then we traveled the exotic but narrow drive over the Likiliki Highway, past Kancohe, Chinamans Hat, Kahaluu, around Kahana Bay, Kaaawa, Hauula, and on into Laie—places, as the song says, with strange, but soon familiar-sounding names.

I was extremely happy in my work at BYU. With few exceptions I enjoyed everything I was doing, but was working very hard and involved in many musical activities such as serving as Director of Bands that included the Symphonic Band, Varsity Band, and Cougar Marching Band, playing for home basketball games, writing football halftime shows, overseeing but not being directly involved with the jazz band program, directing orchestras for musicals by both the Drama Department and the Utah Opera Association, recording and performing concerts with the Utah Symphony, and serving as chair for the Summer Music Clinic. I even had a performance stint playing French horn for the National Road Companies of *Music Man* and *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, as well as playing in the pit orchestra for performances by Ballet West. Then I played and occasionally toured with the Wasatch Woodwind Quintet, a faculty quintet comprised of Ted Wight on flute, Darrell Stubbs on oboe, Ralph Laycock on clarinet, Glenn Williams on bassoon, and myself on French horn. In this group I had the opportunity of rehearsing and performing a major portion of the vast repertoire written by virtually every major composer. Churchwise, I had served for five years as a high councilor for the BYU Fifth Stake and was currently serving as financial clerk for the Provo Twelfth Ward, with the responsibility of raising monies for the stake and ward budgets and building fund.

As stated, I was enjoying all these activities, but they were not without their pressures, and I was beginning to have problems with my nerves. Occasionally at night I would experience an interesting sensation, where it seems that my body was divided into two parts. One part would be hurrying very fast to somewhere, while another part would stand off, at a distance, watching the whole thing taking place. Our neighbor and BYU Business Office Manager, Maxine Grimmett, later told me that she and her husband Dick would worry as they observed my constant coming and going, day and night!

As was the custom, at Christmastime, the entire Music Department would present a Sunday evening fireside concert in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. For the 1969 concert I had chosen to do Alfred Reed's *Russian Christmas Music*, a wonderful and major work for symphonic band. As we were performing I began to experience extreme dizziness, to the extent I had to hold on to my music stand with my left hand while conducting with my right. It frightened me and I knew something was wrong.

I waited for a few days, hoping that the dizziness would disappear, but when it didn't I went to a doctor who found nothing seriously wrong and gave me some tranquilizers to take, when needed. At first it was wonderful, but soon the medication made me feel as though it was becoming addictive and I decided to quit. I wasn't feeling any better and at times would break into tears, without knowing why.

This was during the time I was deciding whether or not to leave Provo and go to Hawaii, and I'm certain this didn't help the situation. While I was excited about a possible change, I loved being at BYU, and wasn't certain if I really wanted to leave Provo with all its exciting activities for me. One day I was reading in the Provo Daily Herald, a sort